

Remarkable Song of Woman's Love

Following is an extract of a song which is New York's latest craze. It is a peculiar affair with a number of odd harmonies aimed, evidently, to bring out the voice, but containing no high notes. Here are a few bars without the harmony:

Why Did You Make Me Care?

By ALFRED SOLMAN.

Why did you make me care,....

Why bring me dreams so rare,.... You

told me that sweethearts should never part, Then

why do you leave me and break my heart?

Why should we meet no more,....

Why can't we love as he fore,.... The

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The song has a love story upholding woman's honor and fidelity against man's indifference.

It is claimed that money cuts no figure in the song's value, for although it sells for only a dime a copy in the department stores, no song like it could be secured for one hundred times that price.

The Wrong Bus

From the London Evening Standard.

Paris.—A motorbus stopped on the Place de la Bourse, and a man climbed with difficulty into a seat. He carried one of those large black cases which lawyers and literary men with documents affect in Paris. He was poorly dressed, old, short sighted and gray headed. He was very busy with his papers and when he looked up from them, he exclaimed aloud that he had made a mistake, and was traveling in the wrong direction. The bus was stopped for him, he scrambled out, and got into another.

When he had gone, a large yellow envelope with red seals on it was found on his seat. Though there were seals, the envelope was open. "Let us look," said the other passenger. "It may contain the address, and certainly it contains documents of value to him, perhaps even bonds or shares." The envelope was opened and the papers taken out for examination. They were a bundle of advertisements of a new restaurant which had been opened near the boulevards.

"The old lawyer's clerk," spends his day riding about in buses, finding that he is in the wrong one, and leaving advertisements behind him.

BENNETT'S HOME HAS EVERY COMFORT

Spending Lots of Money on
Country House

ELINOR GLYN TALKS

Hands Out a Few Helpful Hints to
Budding Authors—Noble Anti-American Author in Bankruptcy

By HAYDEN CHURCH.

London, March 22.—(Special.)—Arnold Bennett says that the newspapers over here have been only half right in describing the alterations which he is having made in the fine old country house at Thorpe-le-Soken, near Colchester, of which he recently became the owner. Its purchase, as well as that of Bennett's Dutch-built yacht, which now lies in Colchester harbor, was first reported in this correspondence, so it may not be amiss to give the author's own version of his plans for his new home. It has been stated that he meant to carry out there all the wonderful labor-saving inventions which his famous character, "The Card," conceived and installed in the house which the latter built, but Bennett says he isn't going as far as that, chiefly because the thing is impossible. Deny abolished corners, you may remember, but Bennett points out that this would be impracticable in an old house which is all corners and turnings. Also, instead of the monastic simplicity of "The Card's" enameled walls, his creator proposes to have merely rich wall papers. He says that he is just making himself as comfortable as he can and his architects report that he is sparing neither pains nor money in the process. Incidentally, he is considering his servants almost as carefully as his hero did. For example, the marble bathrooms of the book are there, each one with rails on which the towels are dried by steam, while nearby is a tiny apartment intended to save the servants' legs, for in it all the waste water of the floor can be emptied.

Each bedroom, too, has a washstand which supplies itself with water from "hot" and "cold" taps, and which also disposes of its own waste when you press. In fact, if this is not a real "press-the-button" house it is as near to it as one can come outside an imaginative novel.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley, whose rate of production as a novelist is about one in every three years, has now completed her first novel since "Prisoners," and it is about to begin serial publication here. This time she professes to be "Nevertheless," just as the first installment of the serial was going to press an English publisher announced a novel under that title by a new writer. Miss Cholmondeley's business manager protested and the English publisher was polite and regretful but his novel was printed and the announcements sent out. Consequently, Miss Cholmondeley had to change her title at the eleventh hour to "Notwithstanding."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, asked by an English "journalist" the other day to furnish her recipe for successful tale writing, replied concisely as follows: "Never put in your story an atom of irrelevant material, and nothing that has not an intimate bearing on the thread. Never be afraid of your own convictions, and never write a word you don't believe."

Those were all the direct literary tips that the seeker after such brought away from his interview with Mrs. Glyn, though the author of "Three Weeks," "The Visits of Elizabeth," and so forth is said to have observed that any literary aspirant who desired a practical object lesson of how a short story should be written might achieve the same by perusing one of her own which she mentioned by name and which, it seems, is about to be published with others in a volume to be entitled so and so, at all bookellers, four and sixpence, et cetera, et cetera. She is a canny lady, is Mrs. Glyn, and rarely "gives up" without a return of one sort or another.

Incidentally she never fails to be picturesque and it is no surprise to find that "warm and rich were the tints of furniture in her Mayfair home, declaring a taste quite eastern in its delight in magnificent ranges of tone," or that "Mrs. Glyn sat on a Chesterfield, leaning high with brilliant cushions, a gray Russian kitten in her lap." Her red hair, it appears, "made a magnificent note in the color scheme, completed by her fair complexion and her changeable, sea-green eyes, shrewd and humorous."

Mrs. Glyn, in fact, seems to have bowled over her latest interviewer completely. I am wrong, by the way, in saying that the above mentioned axioms for young writers are the only ones vouchsafed by the authoress; there was one more, "keep diaries." It seems that if Mrs. Glyn, had not faithfully recorded her doings and impressions in diary form there would have been no "Visits of Elizabeth," an interesting statement which one does not remember to have seen in print before.

Some 14 years ago, it seems, Mrs. Glyn had a prolonged attack of rheumatism that crippled her completely. Thrown on her own resources, she was obliged to invent some kind of amusement for herself. Finally it occurred to her to wonder how life would strike a young man on her first round of country house visits. Remembering the journals she used to keep and send to her mother in her juvenile days—a narrative of her own travels—she sent for them. At first she only read them for her own amusement, but while doing so she followed its promptings to write away her tedious tales. She began the narrative eventually called "The Visits of Elizabeth." She read the story aloud to her relatives and they thought it would be fun to have it published. Eventually part of it appeared anonymously in a society weekly, and friends sent her copies of the periodical to cheer her up. Mrs. Glyn says that the distraction afforded by this literary occupation together with the great success of "Elizabeth" in book form helped her to get over her rheumatism.

Mrs. Glyn declares that if her books are a wee bit naughty, it is not because she wants them to be, but because she can't help it. At least, that is the conclusion to be drawn from her own words when reminded that some folk had found her writings a bit.

"I would not knowingly hurt anyone in the world," the lady declared, and to demonstrate her own conviction of the harmlessness of all her writings she confided to her interviewer that all her stories are related, before actually being written down, to her daughter, "a sweet and lovely girl," who apparently still is what she was when she was a "dapper." It is termed in this country a "dapper." What Miss Glyn thought of "Three Weeks" and "His Hour" is not stated. Their authoress, it seems, now does most of her writing at Versailles. She said that of all of her novels "Halcyon" is her favorite.

Lord Alfred Douglas, whose name always will be associated with that of Oscar Wilde, and who is not without literary gifts, is at present figuring in the London bankruptcy court. His lordship's liabilities amount to \$10,000, while his assets are represented by a cipher. Lord Alfred says he "went broke" chiefly through running the "Academy," the London literary weekly which used to be as readable a one as could be found, but which has been under a cloud in recent years.

It will surprise nobody who knew the "Academy" under Lord Alfred's editorship to hear that it failed to sell enough copies to pay expenses, for it was mostly concerned with high church matters—the balance being devoted to sneers at the thing and another which failed to meet with the approval of Lord Alfred and his vitriolic "sub." The amiable T. W. H. Crosland, America and all things American appeared to constitute red rag to these gentlemen and they went for hammer and tongs. There need be no mourning on the other side of the Atlantic over Lord Alfred's present plight.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE GETS NEW POSITION



J. B. MOORE.

John Bassett Moore, professor of international law at Columbia University and a recognized authority on that subject, is to be appointed counselor to the Department of State. Professor Moore was appointed recently by Mr. Taft as a representative at the Hague Tribunal.

LION ON THE TRACK

Made An Attack on the Engine—Big Beast's Curiosity

From the Empire Magazine.

A construction train was puffing along with a heavy load of material near Gwelo when a full grown lion was sighted stretched right across the line and basking peacefully in the sun. In reply to the whistle of the engine the brute looked up lazily, but did not attempt to move.

The efforts of the driver and the stoker to drive him off the line by pelting him with billets of wood were no better rewarded. The train was on the point of coming to a standstill, when the lion lost his temper. He took a sudden spring at the engine, seeking in vain for something on its smooth surface into which he could drive his claws and thus secure a foothold. Again and again the beast sprang, falling clear of the engine every time.

The driver then realized that the best thing to do was to go full steam ahead and trust to the weight of the trucks behind the train on the line to clear the lion from its path. This was done, with the result that the lion, a magnificent specimen, was cut to pieces by the engine wheels.

One of the surveyors of the Cape to Cairo railway had a narrow escape. He was riding along one of the numerous Kaffir paths on his bicycle when he was suddenly confronted with a lion. Now, a lion is curious and loves to stare at anything new. The man performed an act which probably saved his life.

He lifted his bicycle upon his head and commenced to carry it in this fashion. The lion was apparently very much interested in this strange creature that carried a machine on top of his head and followed the man all the way to the nearest camp, some eight miles distant.

Why Lions' Heads on Fountains?

From "Tit-Bits."

Most of the things that are customary with us have some good reason for their origin, though we are apt to accept them and not inquire what that origin was. The water in a great many public fountains, whether for man or beast, come out of a lion's mouth. Did you ever stop to think why a lion's head should be chosen in preference to any other design?

This is said to be the reason: Among the ancient Egyptians the rising of the waters of the River Nile was the most important event of the year, as it meant life and prosperity to the whole nation.

This rising of the waters always took place when the sun was in the constellation of Leo, or the lion. So they adopted the shape of a lion as the symbol for the life-giving waters of the Nile, and all their fountains were carved with a lion's head. The Greeks and Romans copied this symbol, and so it has come down to us.

WOMAN PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES

Frenchwoman Says Twenty
Years May See It

WILL RENEW FIGHT

Prince De Bearnat Calais to Make Another Attempt to Secure Winans' Millions—Discovers Means to Stabilize Aeroplanes

By PAUL VILLIERS.

Paris, March 22.—(Special.)—Within the next 20 years a woman may be President of the United States. France has much to accomplish if this republic is to keep pace with the great western queen of commonwealths of the sovereign people.

So says Mlle. Maris Denizard, the one woman who has ever made the race for the French presidency. Although defeated once for the presidency and twice as a candidate for the corps legislatif, she is by no means discouraged.

"For 15 years," she says, "we have been battling against a deep sea of prejudices. We are just beginning to convince those upon whose support we must rely for victory—the thoughtful and active political elements. The worst part of the fight is over. The great victories being won by the women of America are helping us. The patriotism, the pride of the men of France, is being touched. Perhaps one day I may be chosen to rule France. I do not know. But I am quite sure that another generation will see a woman elected as President of the United States."

It is announced here that Prince Henri de Bearnat Calais intends to reopen in the American courts his attempt to gain possession of the estate left by his wife, who was Beatrice Winans, daughter of the late Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore. Recently he sued in the French court of appeals for an order to compel the executors of the property to turn over \$240,000 worth of securities deposited in a bank in Baltimore. The court rejected his petition. So now the prince, who began his fight for the Winans millions in the United States courts after the death of the princess at St. Petersburg in 1907, is again looking to the laws of Columbia in the hope of a more favorable decision.

The announcement by M. Quinton, president of the French National Aerial League that M. Moreau has succeeded in solving the problem of the stability of the aeroplane, has aroused great interest. I am informed that French military aviation experts are favorably impressed with the performance of the Moreau aeroplane, and that one of the new machines has been ordered for the army. In the test, which it is said satisfied the military experts as to the importance of M. Moreau's experiments, the inventor rose with Lieutenant Sautier, a military aviation expert, to a height of 17,500 meters. The lever was then adjusted to keep the machine on that plane and Moreau set back for 30 minutes of the flight. Although there was a strong wind blowing no adjustment of any sort had to be made. The flight lay across the railway abutting, and the aeroplane withstood successfully the air currents caused by the passage of an express train.

The French courts recently refused to a divorced mother to send letters to her young son, who is in the custody of the father.

The court had given her the right to visit her child at stated intervals, and when she went to live in the provinces she sent him letters. The father refused to hand them over.

The tribunal said that the mother could visit the child if she wished but that the father was quite within his rights in suppressing her letters.

Some burglars are ingenious and it is a pity their talent is not directed to better purpose. A pair of this kind broke into a factory at Ivry a few nights ago and carried off the safe to a vacant lot where they hoped to be able to break it open without difficulty. Their efforts, however, were in vain. The safe was too strong, and the burglars, who were not so cruel. They were only trying to help a friend home who was a little the worse for drink. The good man had compassion on the friends and apologized from the window for having been so hasty. Later on in the night the "friend" was still on the same spot. The liquor had evidently been of unwelcome strength and his good natured chums had deserted him. A policeman requisitioned to help the poor drunkard to shelter was astonished to find that what was lying on the ground covered with a cloth was

an order to compel the executors of the property to turn over \$240,000 worth of securities deposited in a bank in Baltimore. The court rejected his petition. So now the prince, who began his fight for the Winans millions in the United States courts after the death of the princess at St. Petersburg in 1907, is again looking to the laws of Columbia in the hope of a more favorable decision.

Country While You Wait

From Pearson's Weekly.

Mrs. John Billington, the veteran actress who celebrated her birthday recently, tells many stories, grave and gay, of the days when theatrical work was harder than it is now.

Once when she was playing in a stock company at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, one of the actors badly wanted a holiday. He applied to the manager for a few days off, but the manager, who never believed in making concessions if he could help it, did not seem very sympathetic.

"I have to work so hard here," the actor protested bitterly, "that I never have a chance of seeing the country."

The manager called to one of the scene-shifters to let down the backcloth of a rural scene.

"There," he exclaimed, directing the actor's attention to the scene. "There's green grass for you, and miles and miles of country! What more do you want?"

"To throw myself down on the green grass," and sitting the actor to the word he hurtled himself into a sitting position on the grass on the canvas, ripping it, of course, to pieces; "and to climb the trees," he continued, jumping up and attempting to climb the canvas trees, and reducing the screen to ribbons.

And before the astonished manager had recovered the actor concluded: "And to get a job with a manager who isn't a nigger driver!" And he strode magnificently out of the building, never to return.

Old Fashioned Spring Tonic is the Best

(From National Health Journal.)

Statistics show that not one person in fifty emerges from the strains of winter in good health. Due to various causes the system becomes clogged with impurities and the liver, kidneys and bowels fail to perform their functions properly. As a result we have fat, a sallow complexion, liver spots, "spring fever," lost appetite, no energy—in fact, feel sick without knowing the cause.

For correcting these disorders there is nothing so far discovered to equal the old fashioned karende tonic which can be made at home at small cost. Get an ounce of karende, liver spots, "spring fever," lost appetite, no energy—in fact, feel sick without knowing the cause.

A tablespoonful before each meal soon rids the system of impurities, clears the skin and restores the whole body to its normal, healthy condition.

Every Home Needs This Fine Remedy

A Mild, Reliable Laxative—
tonic is Something No
Family Should Be
Without.

No well regulated home should be without a laxative for there is scarcely a day in a family of several persons that someone doesn't complain of a headache, of sleeplessness, or show the first signs of a cold.

A laxative then becomes a necessity or what was a trifling congestion at the beginning may run into a serious cold, or fever. No harsh remedy is needed, but simply a mild laxative—tonic that will make the liver active and stir up the bowels. People who have tried it great many things, and are themselves heads of families who have seen the little pills run to big ones, will tell you that there is nothing better than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which you can obtain at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar a bottle, the latter being the family size.

Among the great believers in Syrup Pepsin for constipation in old or young and as a general household emergency remedy, is Mrs. J. W. Anderson, Oswatimie, Kans., who writes after using one sample bottle and two dollar bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin: "On the plea of duty that every one owes to fellow sufferers, I appeal to all such who are bowed in spirit, broken in health and discouraged with life, not to give up until they have given Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin a fair trial." Syrup Pepsin is scientifically compounded and its purity is vouched for. Write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 417 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.



MRS. J. W. ANDERSON.

ly effective. It is mild and gentle, pleasant-tasting and free from griping. It does not hide behind a high sounding name and is absolutely free from any prohibited ingredient. Families who once use Syrup Pepsin forever after avoid cathartics, salts, pills and other harsh medicines, for these only do temporary good, are nauseous and a shock to any delicate system. Such things should never be given to children.

If no member of your family has used Syrup Pepsin and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 417 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.



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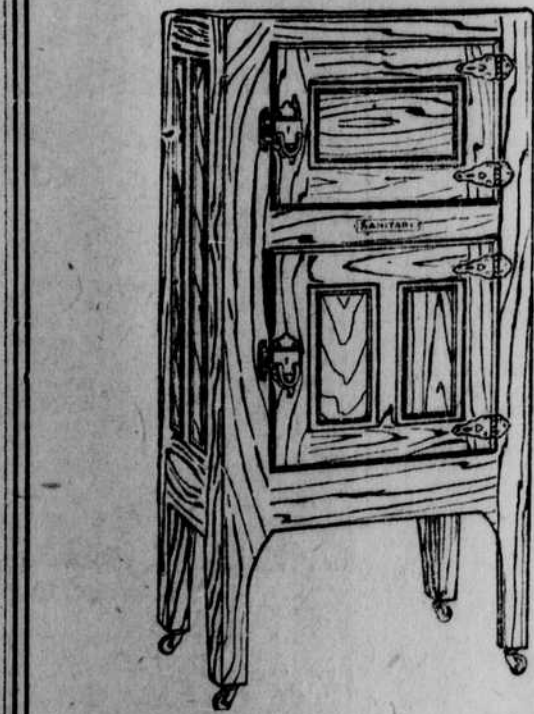
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